April Blooms

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ARRIE WETMORE McCOLL

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APPLE BLOSSOMS

BY
CARRIE WETMORE McCOLL

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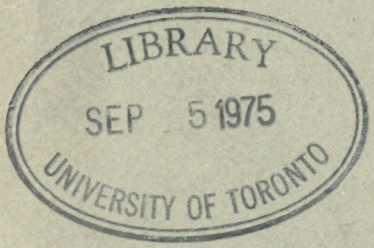

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CARRIE WETMORE McCOLL

FOREWORD

By Dr. J. D. Logan,

Lecturer on Canadian Literature, Acadia University.

MRS. McCOLL has the gift of poetry. In the exercise of the poetic faculty she conceives the function of verse-making rather as a dissipation than as a discipline. Her mind being filled with images from nature and from the experiences of the human heart, she must express these images in colorful and musical forms. But the forms are in nowise to be burdened by mere external rigidities of metres and rhythms. She is not a Futurist, Cubist, Imagist, or even a devotee of *vers libre,* in what she writes. Poetry for her is the expression of inner emotion, and therefore what counts is the substance, not the manner. Consequently, since she must express the emotion within her, that is, the perceptions of beauty which she experiences, all that, in her view, is necessary is to write down, according to the *natural flow* of her ideas, the thoughts that arise in her heart and imagination. In short, *expression* of beautiful *impressions* is, for Mrs. McColl, real poetry. The formalists may have their way, as they please;

but Mrs. McColl, she too, will have her own highly individual way.

Not everyone will agree that Mrs. McColl is right in this matter. It is true that beauty of substance is a paramount element of poetry; but there are many, nay, a majority, who conceive the form or manner as more than, or as not less than, the substance. My own view is that while crediting Mrs. McColl with a plethora of poetic ideas and images, her verse would be more acceptable to the public, and certainly to the critics, if it were less amorphous, or, at least, more obedient to the laws of simple verse-structure, rhythm and rhyme. But this sort of unconventionality in poetic construction is a general fault of Canadian poets. Many, however, will get pure enjoyment from Mrs. McColl's volume.

J. D. Logan.

Halifax, 1920.

NATURE VERSES

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APPLE BLOSSOMS

APPLE BLOSSOMS

Sweet apple blossoms, pink and white,
And Days of Used-to-be,
My soul cries out for you to-night
With tears o'erflowing me.

Among your leaves
Soft buzz of bees,
Dear blossoms bright
Sweet pink and white;
Oh! take me back again to these,
To-night—to-night!

I'm tired now, and oh! so weary,
The days go by on leaden feet;
To look ahead the way seems dreary;
Changed sadly now from days so sweet
With apple blossoms pink and white,
Oh! take me back again to-night!

I loved the birds, the bees, the flowers;
I loved the long, bright sunny hours;
But best of all I loved was thee
Dear pink-and-white old apple tree.

Sweet apple blossoms, pink and white,
And Days of Used-to-be;
Long have I sighed for you to-night
With tears unceasingly.

Although, alas! I long in vain
For those dear days
I'll ne'er regain.
So life, and you, to me the same
Will never, never be again.

THE VIOLET

Little wee violet,
Sweet little flower,
  Modest, fragile,
  Tender, coy,
Hiding your tiny head,
  From us away,
  All winter long,
  Day after day.

When you waken
From your sleep,
  And at the world
  You shyly peep,
To let us know
That you are near,
And spring is here,
  We sing for joy.

Dear little violet,
Sweet little flower,
  Asleep all day,
  And hour by hour,
All winter long

You hide away
  Till melting snow
  And April's shower
We find thee sweet,
Wee fragile flower.

O sweet violet,
Little flower
  Growing all unseen!
  Mid storm and wind
    You hide
In bed of green,
Through dark and gloom,
  Till in rich bloom
  By us is seen
'Neath melting snow
  And April's shower,
  O sweet scented,
    Fragile flower.

SUNSET

Of the glories of the sunset
The half has ne'er been told,
With thy colors softly merging
From bright crimson unto gold.

Now the sun is sinking,
Sinking in the west;
Its glorious colors rivalling
Those of the Robin's breast.

Every sunset changes,
No two are just alike;
Beauteous forerunner
Of the coming night.

Oh, the iridescent color
As through a prism
    Oft is seen,
With here and there a thread
    Of silver
Interwoven with one
    Of green.

Like soft bubbles blending,
Slowly blending
As they come,
When lo! upon our vision
Breaks
One grand, glorious
One.

Again the sunset
Is of grey;
They all too soon
Do fade away
But to repeat
From aye to aye
The miracles
Of the sky.

THE SONGSTER

O! SILVER-THROATED warbler thou,
Your notes so sweetly pure, you sing
With ecstasy your song, you thrill
And hold us—spellbound—still.

In rapture we behold thee,
Note the gleaming of thy wing;
Entranced beyond all measure,
We listen whilst you sing.

Your tones so rich with melody,
Of trills and runs, so sure;
We gaze in simple wonder
And with reverence adore.

Could we but have such music
In our hearts from eve till morn,
We would have by far more roses,
Far greater, ne'er a thorn.

THE BUGLE CALL

The Last Good-Bye

Hark to the call of the bugle!
List to the battle cry!
Our sons we have to part with;
This their last good-bye.

Hark to the tramp of marching!
Look—to the flag unfurled!
Our sons we have to part with,
O mothers of the world.

Dark the days without them;
Sad are they and lone,
Till back from scenes of battle
We welcome our loved ones home.

From out the countless number
Some have ne'er returned;
So these we cannot welcome,
O mothers of the world.

JOY BELLS

Life's not all sad
For it is mete
Mixed the bitter
With the sweet,
Not with a *thousand* tongues
But *one*—I speak.

If some days
For *me* and *you*
Mixed seem the flowers
With the rue,
Joy Bells—Ring ahead,
If only we through sadness
Could see the Happiness instead.

Tho' the clouds
Are filled with rain,
Lost seems the way to find again,
Heaven's just ahead;
If only we through darkness
Could see Our Saviour's face instead.

DREAMING

A child again
I long to be,
In the dusk
On mother's knee.

Or in my cot
So warm at night,
Tucked 'neath the covers
Soft and white.

The crimson curtains
Drawn aside,
In softly did
The moonbeams glide,

And merrily danced
In fantasy,
Through the great window
Which I could see.

Such wonderful stories
Too did hear,
Which no one told
Like mother dear.

Then the stars
Strange things would do;
Winking,—play
At peek-a-boo.

Fascinating,
Seem to try
Alluring charms
As rivals vie
With mother's soft,
Sweet lullaby.

The firelight, flickering
On the wall,—
I look back now
And see it all.

The moonlight
Gleaming on the snow
As to singing
Sweet and low
Asleep to mother's lullaby
I go.

MEMORIES OF HOME

Oh memory—
In your full grasp
You bring
Sweet thoughts of
Childhood life and spring
Yet
Through it all
I hear again
The sad, sad strain,
The frogs' refrain,
In cadence shrill
But melody still,
Of
Peep,—peep!
Peep,—peep!
Oh—
Sweet,—sweet!

Oh happy days,
Long since gone by,
When over
Fields rich with violets,
Buttercups and clover,
I used to roam,
When I was home,
When I was home,

Yet
Through it all
I hear again
The sad refrain,
The frogs retain
Of
Peep,—peep!
Peep,—peep!
Oh—
Sweet,—sweet!

I can ne'er forget,
For memories cling
Of
Childhood's hours
And spring,
Where flowers
In profusion grew,
So well
I knew.
Oh, happy days,
Long since gone by,
Could I
But recall
Just one,—
I do not ask
For all,—
Just one sweet day
To wander as I will
O'er scenes of Childhood,
Meadow and the hill,

Myself again
I see;
A child I sat,
A little lad

With bare feet
And tattered hat,
Where trees
And
Bushes met
Alders, pussy willows,
And yet
Through it all
I hear the same
Sad, sad refrain
The frogs retain
Of
Peep,—peep!
Peep,—peep!
Oh—
Sweet,—sweet!

The years between
Again I see
With more of loss
And less of gain
For me.
My senses reel,
My sight
Grows dim
As once again
I feel
The perfume sweet
Of flowers
Steal
O'er me as before
In the halcyon days
Of yore,
And I sleep, sleep,
Sweet,—sweet!
P-e-e-p—p-e-e-p.

MY MOTHER

As on my pillow
Nights I lie,
I think of mother,
Why did she die?
When in fancy
Comes to me,
Her rocking chair
And bed I see,
Of all she was,
How good was she.
Then tears they come
O'erflowing me.

Possessions mine!
Take all of me,
Of one thing and another,
If in her dear arms again could be.
My mother,
Oh, my mother!

Those dear hands,
So soft,
Though brown.
I feel them now
My hair smooth down.
And her sweet face
I see.
Oh, mother dear, my mother,
Come back again to me!

LINES TO A BLUEBELL

O BLUEBELL, dear little bluebell,
  As on your slender stem you sway,
What is it that you wish to say
What sweet message to us convey?
  O tell us, pretty bluebell.

In summer's wind and summer's shower
  Of bee and butterfly the bower,
The tinkle, tinkle of your bell,
What is it that you wish to tell,
  O thou little flower?

This is the message which comes from you,
  As a little lad I think I knew:
Be good, be brave, be kind, be true;
This is the message which comes from you.

So hasten now and listen,
  Heed all it has to say;
For, O my gentle reader,
  It is not always May.

O sweet and little flower,
  What memories you bring,
Of childhood's happy hour
  And days of gentle spring.

Now the bells for me seem jangled
And so very out of tune,
As the morning of my life is
Fast rushing on to noon.

But keep on ringing, little bluebell,
Keep on ringing every hour;
Keep on ringing, little flower,
For your duty is not done
With the setting of the sun;
For forever you must stay
On your slender stem to sway,
Dear little flower.

So with sun and bees and butterflies gay,
Help still the little children play;
Do not think your race is run
Till all the children's hearts you've won.

O what a lovely life to live,
Always having more to give;
Every year new little ones come
To watch you nodding in the sun;
So your day has just begun,
O bluebell.

Now, good-night to birds and bowers,
Honey bees and sunny hours;
Summer's winds and summer's showers,
And to the busiest of all flowers,
Thou little bluebell.

THE MAYFLOWER

The sweetest of all—
The flower—
The first to come,
The first to grow;
'Neath moss and snow,
The first to show.
Though hard to see,
So pure,—so wee,
Hiding in sweet
Simplicity—
Awaiting the kiss
Of April's shower.
Behold! the sweetest of all,
The little Mayflower.

Shy sweet flower, the first to bring
Of Hope the sweet thought to us,
'Tis Spring.

SILVER THAW

O wonderful silver thaw;
Your sparkling threads a-twining
In and out from tree to tree,
Like silver beads are shining.

O wonderful silver thaw;
This morn when I did waken,
Your wonders through the night I saw,
My soul was truly shaken.

Then let us drink of more and more
Your beauty to o'erflowing;
For now the sun is shining,
Your charm will soon be going.

BUTTERFLY

O Butterfly, gay charmer,
Sipping honey from every
Flower,
Never constant long
To any,
O Butterfly,
Your loves
Are many.

Fickle fellow,
Bold Cavalier,
Never of your flatteries
Share,
As you flit from
Rose to clover.
O Butterfly,
Thou rover.

Gay deceiver,
In coat of flame,
Perhaps you may not
Be to blame.
As you flit from
Red to yellow
You are just
A thoughtless fellow.

THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY

WHY in strange lands
Go seeking there,
And of their beauties rave,
When the Valley of Annapolis fair
Hath all these charms
Of which ye crave?
Why not go there?

Our tired senses over-wrought
No subtler charm
Could e'er be brought,
Or so peaceful sweet a calm
As with apple blossoms fraught;
The perfumed breeze to us is borne
A soothing balm.

Sweet fragrant trees
'Mid fields of green,
Oh! valley fair
With blossoms seen.
A most enchanting mass of glory—
An Artist's dream,
A Poet's story.

THE LURE OF THE SEA

WITHIN the depths,
From out the deep,
A voice!
I hear it say,
"Come unto to me,
And I will give;
Ask of what
You may."

What shall I do?
What shall I say?
Afraid to go,
In fear to stay!
The music weird,
It calleth me;
While it appalleth me,
Yet it draweth me.

What shall I say?
I'll answer "No."
What shall I do?
I will not go.
I here must stay,
A coward rather be,
Than be lured to your embrace,
Oh! thou most treacherous sea.

AUTUMN

The summer-time is over,
Cool autumn now has come;
With tinting trees
And falling leaves
Her duties have begun.

Hoar frost upon the meadow,
Hoar frost upon the grain;
This is the way cool autumn
Her stay begins to reign.

As the nights grow colder,
Slowly does she creep
Into the lap of nature,
There to rest and sleep.

Then grim winter
Comes along,
Picks up the thread
And sings his song.

Of all who come
For why the reason
Of spring the first
Begin the season.

So one by one,
And all together,
Make the sum and substance
Of life and weather.

THE CONSCRIPT

THREE horsemen
A-galloping come,
What want of me?
What have I done?
Woman! of thee
We want your son—
A Conscript—
For him have come.
We are the Law,
Unbar the door.

In trembling and in fear,
The son in hiding near,
Shrinking from the light,
An object of despair;
Waiting—A-listening, come
The oft-repeated beat of drum.

Three a-galloping came,
Three they go no more;
The same, yet not the same,
The horsemen now are four.

A FLOWER

A FLOWER grew among the grain
Of heaven's blue, now, guess its name;
Oh, don't you know? I'll tell you what,
The little wee Forget-me-Not.

RAPIDS

O thou dark, and boisterous waters,
  Pushing boldly on your way;
Like some mad thing, rushing
  All relentless of its prey.

In your heedless passion,
  In your tempestuous flight,
You make the gentle rivers
  Seem *weak* beside *your might*.

In stern, majestic glory,
  In cold and ruthless sway,
You keep on in blinded fury
  Till in seething foam you lay.

It is not for us to censure,
  As your frowning face we scan,
For both ye rapids and ye rivers
  Are fulfilling Nature's plan.

RAPIDS, No. 2

In cool and calm defiance
You rear your mighty head,
Commanding in your glory,
Commanding in your tread.

Obstructions in your pathway
You firmly cast aside,
Commanding in your dignity,
Commanding in your pride.

Conscious of your power,
Conscious of your might;
Majestically, swaying
In full knowledge of your right.

CHILDREN'S VERSES

BUBBLES

Oh! come my little one,
Come my wee dearie,
With bubbles so bright,
So light and so airy.
We'll play in each one,
There's a good little fairy.

First will I blow,
Just you how to show;
Oh! look up on high,
Mine went to the sky.
Now, come my wee dearie,
It's your turn to try.

Oh! see yours are best,
The brightest by far;
One went to the moon,
One went to the star.
So look, here's another,
Chasing its brother.

Of bubbles so bright,
So light and so airy,
We'll play in each one
There's a good little fairy.
A father and mother,
Wee sister and brother.

Oh! look how they go,
Some fast and some slow;
But everyone bright
With colors aglow.
The same as we've seen
In the shining rainbow;
Of yellow and purple,
Of orange and green;
Now, back here they come,
Oh! where have they been?

I think it quite time,
As it's now after nine,
To creep off to sleep
Sweet baby of mine.
I know you are weary,
Your eyelids are heavy;
We'll stop blowing bubbles,
We'll stop playing fairy.
So, come my little one,
Come my wee dearie,
In your warm cot,
I tuck you so cheery.

QUEEN MAB

Wake up, Little Daisy,
The morning has come;
Make your pretty bow
To the bright sun.

Shake all the pearly drops
Out of your lap.
Come, Little Daisy,
It's no time to nap.

Queen Mab of the Fairies
Is now at the gate,
On her milk-white steed
She is sitting in state,

A wand in her hand
Of a four-leaf clover,
Awaiting her subjects
To look over.

So wake up, Little Daisy;
You still will have time
To smooth your white dress
And golden hair twine.

Oh! now I remember
Your afternoon tea
Among the bright flowers
With Prince Bumble Bee.

For this I'll not chide you,
Knowing now why you're late;
But hasten, White Daisy,
The Queen will not wait.

A wave of her wand
Of magic within,
Might change your sweet form
In impatient chagrin.

THE SQUIRREL

Oh! Happy Little Squirrel,
  Sitting in the sun;
How I love to watch him
  Run, run, run.

Happy Jack they call him,
  Rightly named is he;
Oh! how I love to watch him
  Jump from tree to tree.

Busy little fellow,
  Busy as a bee;
Sharp bright eyes,
  How they snap at me.

Oh! how I love to watch him
  Jump from tree to tree.

Who taught you, little fellow,
  Against a rainy day
To lay in stores for winter,
  Oh! say, say, say?

Saucy little fellow,
  Always on the go;
Pretty little squirrel,
  Oh! I love you so.

Have you ever watched him
  Make his work seem play?
Happy little squirrel,
  Happy all the day.

Oh! how I love to watch him
  Jump from tree to tree?
Sweetest little squirrel,
  You have a friend in me.

Oh! you happy little fellow!
  As you look at me and blink,
In your coat of brown and yellow,
  Tell me what it is you think?

Oh! how I love to watch him
  Jump from tree to tree;
Dearest little squirrel,
  I love thee.

Chirping, chirping,
  All the day;
I wonder what it is
  You say.

Always happy, always gay,
  As you frisk along your way.

Oh! how I love to see him
  Sitting in the sun,
How I love to see him
  Run, run, run.

Oh! how I love to see him
  Jump from tree to tree;
'Cutest little squirrel,
  We all love thee.

BIRDIE

Dear little Birdie,
High up in the tree;
Come little Birdie,
Come home with me.

Would you not like
On a gold bar
    To swing,
And softly and sweetly
Your melodies sing?

Or would you much rather
Give vent to your song,
And sing out quite boldly
As you hop along,
And fill the green woods
With your warbling
    Thrill,
So that it may echo
From hill to hill?

No, No, little Birdie,
A cage would not do;
Not even a gold one
Would ever hold you.

So, so, little Birdie,
I think you are right;
As no cage
Could hold you,
However so bright.

The freedom of woods,
    Of fields,
And of trees;
No, no, little Birdie,
    You could
Never leave these.

SNOW FLAKES IN EARLY SPRING

Soft as wool
And pure as snow,
Falling come
From which they grow,
See—the little snow flakes go.

Pure and white
From out the sky,
One by one
They seem to fly.

Round and round;
Again they try,
Round and round,
Again to fly.

Slow at first,
Then faster—so
Round and round
And round they go.

Gaining strength
As down they come;
Pure and white,
Still one by one.

Slow at first,
Then in a hurry,
Ending in a playful flurry.

For through it all
Oft times awhile,
The sun doth shine,
I see him smile.

WIND

As the Wind goes
Shrieking down
Through the trees
And through the Town,
The Baby Leaves
Do frightened grow,
With cheeks and eyes
All in a glow;
For refuge to their
Mothers go;
There to hide
Their heads in fear
From the shrieks
Of wind they hear.
Their mothers' skirts
Both big and wide
Vainly try to hide behind,
As the Wind
Doth naught beside
Keep on howling
Weird and wild.
If their hold
They should let go,
Then, their mothers
Would never know
Where the Wind
Her babes did blow.

But the Wind
Doth naught beside
Keep on howling
Weird and wild,
As it goes
A-shrieking down
Through the trees
And through the town.
Oh! wicked wind
How could you, though
Soft baby leaves
To frighten so?
For now it's time
For them to sleep;
But from their mothers'
Safe retreat
They do not even
Dare to peep.
But the wind
Doth naught beside
Keep on howling
Weird and wild.
Now, Oh, Wind!
Enough you've said;
Do please stop
And end their dread,
So the little ones
May creep to bed.

STARS

THE eyes of the stars are shining,
Are shining very bright;
They twinkle, and twinkle, and twinkle,
In keen, and pure delight.

For the touch of Jack Frost's finger,
Is seen upon the pane;
That is why they twinkle, and twinkle,
And twinkle again.

They seem now to be laughing
At us—from the sky;
They know *we* cannot
Catch them,
No matter how we try.

Jack Frost,
He too is laughing
As he quickly hurries by,
For *he knows*
That nearer to them
He can get
Than *you* or *I*.

THE SWEETEST FLOWER

Pansies for thoughts,
Sweet baby, of you,
Of light hair or dark hair,
Brown eyes or blue.

Pure as a lily,
Sweet as a rose,
With your dear little ways,
And cute little toes.

Sweet as the violet,
And heliotrope too,
When your hair is of gold,
And your eyes they are blue.

Sweet as the honeysuckle,
And mignonette too,
When your hair is of brown,
Your eyes the same hue.

Sweet peas,
Asters,
Chrysanthemums,
and
Phlox,

Mayflowers,
Candytuft,
Marigolds,
and
Stocks,

Then
Pansies for thoughts.
Sweet Baby, 'tis true,
Of all these sweet flowers
The sweetest is you.

THE RAIN DROPS

PATTER, patter,
Down they came,
The little drops
We call the rain.

Patter, patter,
Down they came—
Pattering
On my window pane.

I stayed awake,
But not from fright,
To them a-listening
All the night.

When in the morn
At break of day
The sunshine came,
They ran away.

BOY-LIKE

I LOVE to hear the brook
In the summertime
A-flowing.
I love to pick the flowers
Which near-by are
A-growing.
I love to make a whistle
From the willows close at hand,
Then home to go
A-blowing,
Thinking I am Sousa's Band.

But, best of all, to make-believe,
Through woods so dark and green,
Between the leaves
A-peeping,
By an Indian I am seen;
Then, to walk along quite boldly
With my head held high,
Just so!
Clasping tight my father's shot-gun,
When, b-a-n-g, I let it go.

I love to hear the brook in the summertime
A-flowing.
I love to pick the flowers which near-by are
A-growing.
When I too long alone do dream
After me the shadows seem
A-coming and a-creeping
Then home I go to mother
A-running and a-weeping!

NIGHT

Creeping, creeping,
Comes the night;
Softly, softly,
With footsteps light,
With velvet mantle
Of dark hue
Swiftly she envelops
You.

As she can no longer
Linger;
With a touch of her soft
Finger
Gently down your
Eyelids close,
As on tippytoe she goes,
As on tippytoe she goes.

DAISY CHAINS

In sweet, childish wonder,
Days without number
Your chain of white daisies
you string.

With no thought of care
On the grass you sit there,
Roundabout you the sunshine
doth cling.

The task now before you
I'm sure will not bore you,
For it is both pleasing
And not hard to do.

The glad look of surprise
In your wide open eyes,
When with your light task
You are through.
Your chain of white daisies
You throw o'er your head
Oh! wee little maiden in blue.

ROBINS

One morning
Awakened early,
From my window
Chanced to see
A Robin
With four little ones
In a nest
In an apple tree.

The mother,
She was feeding them
A fat and juicy
worm—
With open, quivering mouths
They were waiting
For their turn.

But the mother
Kept them waiting.
She was slow
And very firm.
So they began to clamor
Wildly—
Wildly—
For that worm.

But he in silence
kept
Except to wriggle
And to squirm,
Soon their clamoring
Ceases
And in reflective
Mood
The mother
Fondly gazes
On her now quiet
But happy
Brood.

KING WINTER

On the fields
And on the trees
Jack Frost
Has set his seal,
He is swiftly running,
King Winter
At his heel.
With a bound
And a shout
He looks around,
Old Winter he is near.
With glowing cheeks,
Soft brown hair,
Are happy children in the rear.
Loud their merry
Voices ring,
For the race is to begin
Between Jack Frost
And Winter's King.
Which of the two
Will winner be?
The happy children
Ask in glee.
Jack Frost is young
And strong and slimmer;
Grim winter old—'tis true,
And thinner;
But with his skill
Might carry through;

And of the two
Might be the winner.
Then over his shoulder
With a smile and a grin
Jack looks at winter
So cold and so thin;
Gasping for breath
And panting within,
With quick decision
Slows down his pace;
And so lets old winter
Win the race.
Then down they sit
Quite close together;
Firm friends these two
No odds the weather.
The laugh's on me
Jack Frost, you sinner.
You only know
Why I'm the winner.
Every year
This game we play;
You always end it
Just this way.
And the children
Wondering, go,
Why Jack Frost
Was beaten so.
Goodbye, old winter,
I too must go
To meet Miss April
Through thinning snow.
No wonder April weeps
and weeps
Warm tears from out the skies,
For in her arms her lover sleeps
Melting till he dies.

ANSWERS

Blessed is the Boy,
Thrice blessed,
Who, when the right time cometh,
Answers: "Yes."

Happy is the Boy
We know,
Who, when the right time cometh,
Answers: "No."

Much can the Boy
Fulfil,
Who, when the right time cometh,
Says: "I will."

Conquerors all;
Determined they;
For when the right time cometh
Win the day.

HUMOROUS

DESCRIPTION OF A SCHOOL BOY COMPELLED TO WRITE AN ORIGINAL POEM BEFORE BEING RELEASED

THE frogs were singing
  In the tree.
Now—that sounds queer
  It seems to me.
Oh—I know what's wrong,
  I see—
It's birds I meant,
  Not frogs.
  Oh, gee!

The stars were shining
  Under foot,
That's right, I know,
  Saw it in a book.
  Oh, come,
  I say?
Was it overhead,
  Not, foot,
  I read
That day?
  Oh, shucks!

Sure I must remember
That
Overhead, head, head,
Red head!
Jehosophat!
I'm off the track.
That's not where
I'm at.

Any way, I don't care,
Teacher has red hair,
So there.
She is conceited, too,
And this ain't fair.
But I don't care
Ouch—pooh,
Who says I do.
Anyway, again I'll try
Bright, blue sky,
Cold winter's day,
As I was walking
On my way,

Picking flowers
Red and buff—
Hurray—
That's the stuff,
That's the lingo,
Flowers
Red and buff.
But wait—
Stay—
Flowers—On a winter's day?
Great Cæsar's Ghost!
Wrong again.
By Jingo!

Well, this sure is
The limit.
And I see where
I'm not in it.
But what more
From me
Expect?
I'm no poet
And I know it.
Sure—I'm not,
By Heck!

WHAR'S THAT CHICKEN?

Mammy has on her gown,
Mammy has on her gown,
The one she wears to church and town,
Mammy has on her gown.

Pop is dressing too,
Pop is dressing too,
In clean shirt and tie of blue,
Pop is dressing too.
And we chilluns all have been,
Washed and dressed and so are clean,
Washed and dressed and so are clean,
But Br'er Brose ain't dressing none,
He jus' waiting for the dark to come.
He jus' waiting for the dark to come.
Shoo, he ain't dressing none.

But we chilluns all have been
Washed and dressed and so are clean,
For the minister's coming to tea,
Happy, happy chilluns we,
Happy, happy, happy be,
Not because we will him see,
But for the promise of a chicken tea,
Happy, happy chilluns we,
Happy, happy, happy be,
But whar's that chicken?

Whar's that chicken,
He sure am missin'.
Br'er Brose he said
He sure would git him.

On this yere fence
I've been a sittin';
Waiting for
Ambrose to git him.

Yes, on this yere fence
I've been awaitin'.
Br'er Brose he sure am
Aggravatin'!
But whar's that chicken?

Ambrose he sure do
Need a lickin',
For that chicken
He have *got* to *git* him.
For the minister's coming to tea,
For the minister's coming to tea.

Hu—s—h, Br'er Brose
Am at de gate.
Golly—but he am
Awful late.

But whar's that chicken?
Whar, did you git him?
Bofe answers am, Oh, Brudder Steve,
Most natural like,
Jus' up my sleeve.

A TRUE INCIDENT

Yes, times have changed in every way,
  Since my grandma's happy day.
For the stories she did tell
  Were not like now I know full well.

Now for instance, one hot day,
  I planned a special call to pay,
Three miles I walked in dust and heat,
  With aching head and tired feet.
Thinking then my journey done;
When within sight of the house I'd come,
  With thoughts of tea and toast and jam,
Gaily at the door bell rang.

With sudden noise the window raised,
  And calm as at a stranger gazed,
My friend in crisp, sharp tones did say,
  "*No, I'm not at home to-day.*"
  Yes, times have changed in every way,
Since my grandma's happy day.

MANLIKE

Your father, he said
He home would come soon,
So as to help me fix up this room,
And a few other odd jobs to do,
Which he has long ago promised to.

Oh, here I am, mother,
  You see I have come,
What is it, you want?
  Now, what's to be done?

  All right, I know,
    Yes, I'll shovel the snow;
So that's about through,
  What next will I do?

Now, where is that shovel?
Where was it you said?
All right, don't get excited,
Don't get so red,
I know now,
But *you* get it instead.

What's that, you say?
Dinner's all ready?
I've had no time to think of any,
I've been so busy. Phew!
You only had
To make a stew,
Although it's easy,
It's not in my line,
Still, mother dear, I'm getting on fine.

I shovelled out as far as the gate,
That will do for the present, it looks first-rate;
What's that you say. Oh, how you do talk!
It's true, I *didn't* shovel the walk.

Remember, mother, I haven't much time,
Although I think I'm getting on fine;
For don't you know to-night I go,
With my friends to the picture show?

What makes you tired,
Oh, why do you sit?
Look at me, mother—
I'm not a bit.

And all the work that I have done—
I don't understand,
You go for a run;
Now that we, with dinner are through,
So busy am I, I cannot go too.
But you know I haven't much time,
Still, however, I'm getting on fine.

Now then, what more?
Hang picture on wall
And tree to saw?

So mother, please bring up the hammer,
I'm standing on the ladder;
I'm doing my best to hang this thing,
But's it's mighty hard without a string.

You'll find some, mother, I feel quite sure
Down behind the cellar door.
I'll save your steps, now, while your there,
Just bring me up a kitchen chair.

Thank you, mother, that's just great,
But this darn picture, it won't stay straight.
Still, I guess it looks all right;
Anyway, it will do to-night.

Some other day, when I have time
I'll come home early. Won't that be fine?

Now then the tree. I must saw that,
Open the window and get my hat,
I'll soon settle it's tap, tap, tap.

One minute, mother, would you mind
Just pushing up the other blind?
In this dim light it's hard to see
Which branch it is on this old tree.
After this I cannot wait
By Jove! but I have helped you great!

MARCH

Light and airy,
Bright and breezy,
Short this rhyme,
But oh, so easy.
In the spring,
The lamb it comes
In and out,
Around it runs,
Places never been before.
Fancy, 'neath the lion's paw,
But have no fear
They play together,
Just these two,
Through chill March weather.

SCHOOL DAYS

Tick—tock; tick—tock!
Says the kitchen clock:
You're late; you're late,
It's half-past eight;
Tick—tock; tick—tock,
Says the kitchen clock.

Ding—dong, ding—dong,
Come one, come all:
You're late; you're late,
It's half past eight;
What's wrong? What's wrong?
Ding—dong; ding—dong,
Do—tell; do—tell,
Says the old school-bell.

Come one, come all,
Both big and small,
Of girls and boys,
Both short and tall.
Last child in sight,
Ding—dong; ding—dong,
Now, everything's right,
There's nothing wrong.
All's well; all's well,
Says the old school-bell.

Tick—tock, tick—tock,
Says the kitchen clock:
School's in for sure,
Peace reigns once more.
Tick—tock; tick—tock,
Says the kitchen clock.

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